HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.

THERE IS NO EXCELLENCE WITHOUT LABOR.

THE

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR,

(PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY,)

An Illustrated Magazine,

DESIGNED EXPRESSLY FOR THE EDUCATION AND ELEVATION OF THE YOUNG.

George Q. Cannon, Editor.

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PUBLISHED BY GEORGE Q. CANNON,
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PROSPECTUS

For Volume Twenty-One.

It is with mingled feelings of pleasure and gratitude that we approach the close of Volume Twenty and prepare to issue Volume Twenty-One of our little journal. The continuance of and steady increasing in favor which it has won in the community is referred to with pleasure; and while we are proud to reflect upon the measure of good which we have reason to believe it has done, we are conscious that there is still room for improvement. It will be our endeavor to meet this, and to make the coming Volume more interesting and of greater worth to the vast number of Zion's children than any of its predecessors have been. To this end we invite the co-operation of our friends and patrons, and implore, above all else, the assistance of the Almighty.

We propose to pay special attention to

THE CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

In the coming Volume, and to devote at least two pages of each number to anecdotes, charades, catechism on religious and historical subjects, with suitable engravings such as will fall within the understanding of and be of interest to the younger readers.

THE BIOGRAPHICAL DEPARTMENT

Will contain sketches from the lives of some of our noble brethren and sisters, to whose labors the children of Zion are so much indebted, and whose examples all may emulate with profit.

THE MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT

Will reproduce, from time to time, items of interest from the experience of the numerous band of missionaries preaching the gospel in various parts of the world.

We intend, also, to publish some

LESSONS ON HEALTH,

In which plain and simple instructions will be given the boys and girls of these valleys, as to how they can preserve the healthy bodies and minds with which the Creator has endowed them.

HISTORY, ART, SCIENCE,

And in fact every topic that, in our judgment, will be interesting and instructive to our patrons, will find a place in the columns of the paper.

The scenes and trials through which the people of God have passed and are now passing will receive attention, as heretofore, from the Editor in his

TOPICS OF THE TIMES;

And counsel and instruction, applicable no less to the children than to their parents in the present trying time for the Saints, will form the basis of his EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

We will still endeavor to have

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

Of the best that can be obtained. Of the pains we have taken to represent, with the assistance of the engraver's art, scenes and objects of almost every conceivable kind which have been treated in our score of Volumes, we leave those to judge who have watched us during our past existence. As a special feature of the INSTRUCTOR we point to our efforts in this direction with pardonable pride.

THE MUSICAL DEPARTMENT,

Another special feature of our paper, will continue to be filled with the choicest productions of home authors.

Finally, we sincerely thank our many friends for their kind patronage in the past and solicit a continuation of the same for Volume Twenty-One.

Your brother in the gospel,
GEORGE Q. CANNON,
Editor.

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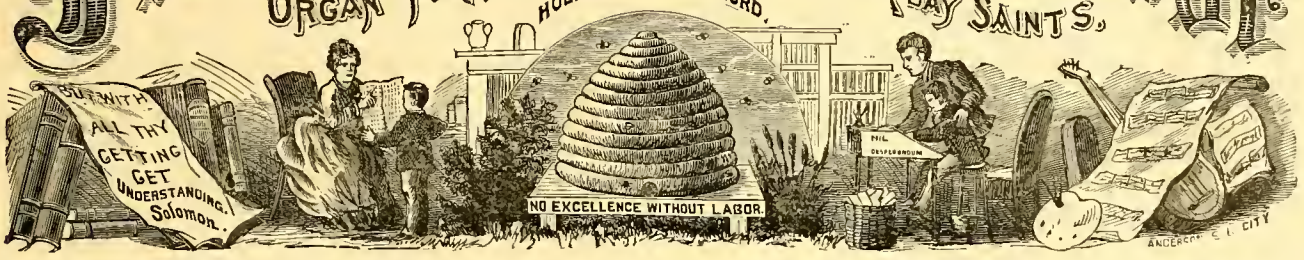
THE

Juvenile Instructor

ORGAN FOR YOUNG LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.



VOL. XX. SALT LAKE CITY, DECEMBER 15, 1885. NO. 24.

MISCHIEVOUS JOHNNY.

LITTLE JOHNNY WHARTON was a boy who, like a great many others of his age, wanted his own way in everything, whether it was right or wrong, and he would not yield his desires unless forced to do so. One day his mother was making some mince-meat for the holidays and he kept bothering her to give him some of it. His toys lost all their charm as soon as there was anything to eat in course of preparation.

Johnny stood by his mother while she chopped the meat, raisins, and other things, all the time begging for a small dish-full although his mother said it would make him sick. Finally he saw the cider added and the jar containing it placed in the cupboard without his even having a taste. This made him angry and he went in one corner and pouted.

After a while his mother and sister left the room to attend to some other duties. "Now," thought Johnny, "I'll help myself and see if it'll make me sick. There is so much of it that a little will not be missed."

He thereupon got a stool and after a great effort succeeded in getting up to the cupboard. Seizing a large spoon he began to fill himself with the delicious mixture; and not until his stomach was pretty full was he discovered by his mother and sister who, wondering at his long silence, began to search for him. Angry as his mother was she did not whip him, thinking that his self-inflicted punishment would be sufficient to prevent any further such mischievous acts. And so it was; Johnny had scarcely smacked his lips over the last mouthful taken, before he began to feel sick, and from that time for many days he had to lie in bed and reflect with sorrow on his foolish act. The lesson he thus learned was of lasting benefit to him and

he thereafter became a very obedient, careful boy.

Our engraving shows Johnny at the moment he is discovered. See how frightened he is. He seems to be almost ready to fall with fear. So it is with all those who do wrong; they are afraid of almost everybody and everything, and when discovered at their wicked acts they tremble. It is only those who do right both in public and private, that have peaceful and contented minds. They alone know what it is to be really happy, and it is only on such that the Almighty showers His choice blessings. We hope that our boys and girls will do right and not have to learn in the bitter school of experience, as did Johnny Wharton, that the result of wrong-doing is always sorrow and misery.

ICELAND.

BY JOHN THORGEIRSON.

ICELAND is one of the most out-of-the-way places on the earth, it being situated between 63° 24′ and 66° 33′ latitude north, and between 13° 31′ and 24° 17′ longitude west. Its length from east to west is about 325 miles; its breadth from north to south about 190. Its area is estimated at 39,000 square miles. The highest mountains on the island are Snœfels Jokull, the summit of which reaches the altitude of 4,600 feet above the sea-level, and Orœfa Jokull, the altitude of which exceeds 5,000 feet above sea-level. The former is situated on the sea coast, in latitude 64° 47′ and longitude 15° 35′. But notwithstanding its solitary situation, and its touching the arctic circle on the north, the gospel found its way up there about thirty years ago, and there are at the present over forty native families of Iceland in Utah, so far as the writer has learned.

Iceland is inhabited on the sea-coast only. The farthest inland habitation being about 100 miles from the sea. This is on account of the extensive *jokuls* (glaciers) and volcanoes that exist in the island. The most famous glacier is the *Vatna-Jokul* (water-glacier), which runs along the south-east coast of the island, extending upwards of 50 miles. The highest summits of this range vary from 3,000 to over 5,000 feet above the sea level, and are called Snœfel, Skaptar, Eyjtjalla, Torfa and Orœfa-Jokuls. The most celebrated volcanoes are Krabla, Katla and Hekla. The last one generally exploded at regular intervals of twenty-four years; but now there have passed over forty years since the last eruption took place—in 1844. There are also many geysers (hot springs) on the island, and are of different temperature, varying from lukewarm to a state of violent ebullition. In some instances they are impregnated with sulphur or other mineral substances. The most remarkable of them is the Great Geyser and the Strokkur (churn).

There are also many lakes in Iceland, one of which is celebrated as being near the place where the famous "Rock of Judgment," as it is called, is situated. Lord Dufferin says it is the most remarkable place in the world, and that no one who has not seen it can imagine its grandeur. "Here, long ago," says he, "at the period when feudal despotism was the only government known throughout Europe, free parliaments used to sit in peace and regulate the affairs of the young republic. This spot then, created almost by nature a fortress, the founders of the Icelandic constitution chose for their parliamentary meetings. For three hundred years did the gallant little republic maintain its independence—three hundred years of unequalled literary and political vigor."

The first permanent settlement was made in Iceland in the ninth century by two Norse chieftains, Ingolf and Herjolf. They landed on the coast of Iceland, August 2, 874. Herjolf had some Irish slaves with him, who, after having killed their master, fled to the islands that still bear the name of Vestmannaeyar (Westmen's islands), the Irish being called Westmen. These slaves were, however, all killed by Ingolf, and the Christian relics found on those islands were brought there by those slaves.

Through the tyrannizing despotism in Norway, Iceland became fairly populated in a short time. Lord Dufferin gives the following description of the Icelandic pioneers:

"Colonized as Iceland has been—not as is generally the case when a new land is brought into occupation, by the poverty-stricken dregs of a redundant population, nor by a gang of outcasts and ruffians expelled from the bosom of a society which they contaminated, but by men who in their own land were both rich and noble, with possessions to be taxed and spirit too haughty to endure taxation. Already acquainted with whatever of refinement and learning the age they lived in was capable of supplying, it is not surprising that we should find its inhabitants, even from the first infancy of the republic, endowed with an amount of intellectual energy, hardly to be expected in so secluded a community.

"Perhaps it was this very seclusion which stimulated into almost miraculous exuberance the mental powers already innate in the people. Undistracted during several successive centuries by the bloody wars, and still more bloody political convulsions, which for too long a period rendered the sword of the warrior so much more important to European society than the pen of the scholar, the Icelandic settlers devoting the long leisure of their winter nights to intellectual occupations, became the only one of any European nation to create for themselves a native literature. Indeed, so much more accustomed did they get to use their heads than their hands, that if an Icelander were injured he often avenged himself, not by cutting the throat of his antagonist, but ridiculing him in some pasquinade, sometimes, indeed, he did both.

"Almost all the ancient Scandinavian manuscripts are Icelandic, the earliest topographical survey with which we are acquainted was Icelandic; the negotiation between the courts of the north were conducted by Icelandic diplomatists. The cosmogony of the Odin religion was formulated, and its doctrinal traditions and ritual reduced to a system by Icelandic archæologists, and the first historical composition ever written by any European in the vernacular was the product of Icelandic genius. It consists of an account of the reigns of the Norwegian kings, from mythic times down to about A D. 1150, and detailed by the old saga-man with so much art and cleverness, as almost to combine the dramatic power of Macaulay with Clarendon's delicate delineation of character and charming loquacity of Mr. Pepys. His stirring sea fight, his tender love stories and delightful bits of domestic gossip, are really inimitable; you actually live with the people he brings upon the stage, as intimately as you do with Falstaff, Percy, or Prince Hal, and there is something in the bearing of those old heroic figures who form his *dramatis personnel*, so grand and noble, that it is impossible to read the story of their earnest stirring lives without a feeling of almost passionate interest, an effect which no tale frozen up in monkish Latin of the Saxon annalist has ever produced upon me. The same century which produced the Herodotean of Sturluson, also give birth to a

whole body of miscellaneous Icelandic literature, whence histories, memoirs, romances, biographies, poetry, statistics, novels, calendars, specimens of almost every kind of composition are to be found even among the meagre relics which have survived the literary decadence that supervened on the extinction of the republic.

It is to these same spirited chroniclers that we are indebted for the preservation of two of the most remarkable facts in the history of the world: the colonization of Greenland by Europeans in the tenth century, and the discovery of America by the Icelanders at the beginning of the eleventh." (*Lord Dufferin's Letters from High Latitudes.*)

The Norsemen, who were heathens, formed the majority of the Icelandic pioneers; but there were also many from the British islands, who also settled in Iceland, which caused a religious controversy among its inhabitants, as the Britons were all Christians. To settle this question a council was called, and each party selected a spokesman, and agreed that their conclusions should settle the matter. The pagans selected Thorgeir Godi as their representative. The two spokesmen had a long interview together, the result of which was that the Christian spokesman submitted the question to Thorgeir for a decision. Thorgeir then retired to his tent, and forbade any one to disturb him for a day and a night. At the end of that time Thorgeir came forth, called the people to order, and delivered an effective speech. His chief argument being, that the prosperity of that people depended entirely on their being united, and he advised the people to abandon idolatry and "worship the true and living God whom the Christians worshiped, which is the same great and mighty God whom our fathers durst not mention by name."

The result of this famous speech was that Christianity was proclained a national faith, and was generally received without any great resistance.

Dr. Carpenter says concerning the literature of Iceland: "Icelandic is the only living key to the history of the middle ages and to the old Norse literature. It is the only language now in use in an almost unchanged form, through a knowledge of which we can read the literature of the middle ages, and the more we investigate the development and progress of nations and civilization, the more vividly the truth will flash upon our minds that the Greek and Icelandic are two silver-haired veterans, who hold in their hands two golden keys, the one to unlock the treasures of the ancient times, the other those of the middle ages."

PLAY.—The words commonly used to signify play are these four: relaxation, diversion, amusement, and recreation. The idea of relaxation is taken from a bow, which must be unbent when it is not wanted, to keep up the spring. Diversion signifies a turning aside from the main purpose of a journey, to see something that is curious and out of the way. Amusement means an occasional forsaking of the muses, when the student lays aside his books. Recreation is the refreshing of the spirits when they are exhausted by labor, so that they may be ready in due time to resume it again. From these considerations it follows that the idle man who has no work can have no play; for how can he be relaxed who never is bent? how can he turn out of the road who is never in it? how can he leave the muses who is never with them? how can play refresh him who is never exhausted with business?

MY NEW ZEALAND MISSION.

BY ALMA GREENWOOD.

(*Continued from page* 356.)

ON the 23rd of September, 1881, I moved from Muriwai to Whakato, where I preached to about two hundred attentive hearers. As a reward of our labors four were added by baptism and one by blessing. Intelligence from Hawkes Bay agreeably informed us that twenty-three had been added to the Church by the Elders laboring there.

After preaching to the people of a number of *pahs*, in company with Ihaia Hopu, we proceeded to Ra-kai-ke-ti-Roa, where we were cordially received. Here Ihaia met his son and daughter-in-law. This meeting was celebrated by a *Tangi*, (crying) and *Hongi* (rubbing noses).

The church of England ministers laboring among the Maoris commenced to get uneasy on beholding many of their flock being allured away from the true(?) gospel into what they termed a vain delusion—"Mormonism." They appeared to be very anxious to lift the mask from these deceivers—the Elders—in the presence of the leading Maoris of Poverty Bay. They addressed a letter of challenge to myself and fellow-laborers to meet them at Whakato, and defend the tenets of our peculiar religion. I at once forwarded this challenge to President Stewart, who was laboring in the immediate vicinity of Whakato, and waited anxiously to learn the results of this discussion, which would have quite an influence in turning many from or to the gospel. The Maoris far and near received warm and earnest invitations to be present, when the delusion —"Mormonism"—would be shown up in its true colors Some of the natives who attended the debate at Whakato returned, and gave us a synopsis of it, which was, of course, that the truth came out victorious. Notwithstanding Rev. Williams, the chief opponent in the discussion, was a thorough Maori linguist, and had six other Maori ministers to assist him, our brethren, half learned in the Maori language, were eminently successful, being aided by that divine intelligence which emanates from God, the fountain of truth, love and knowledge.

Ihaia and I preached to those who had assembled with renewed energy, and our preaching was listened to with unusual marked attention. The result of the Whakato debate gave the work fresh impetus. Here we were again blessed with souls for our labors, as seven more were added to the Church.

I left Rakai-ke-le Roa and went to Tarere, and procured a fresh horse and rode into Gisborne, where I met Elders Hinckley and Stewart.

After making some visits to Maori places, we all proceeded to Muriwai, where we baptized seven more and blessed two children.

(*To be Continued.*)

CAUTION.—He that goes too near sin to-day may fall into it to-morrow. God has been so indulgent as to give us a latitude and liberty to exercise a pious zeal over ourselves, that we may show how much we fear to offend Him: and a cautious Christian will say with St. Paul, "All things are lawful, but all things are not expedient." Prudence will not always venture to the brink of innocence.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

TRULY we are living in exciting times. One event treads upon the heels of another with such rapidity that our position is almost dramatic in its interest. The Latter-day Saints certainly cannot complain of the tameness of their lives, for there is enough excitement crowded into a year of our existence to satisfy common-place people for a lifetime. Almost every day there is a new excitement, and the people are kept on the stretch, and certainly have an abundance of food for thought. We would be a most extraordinary people if we did not think. The circumstances which surround us compel thought. Even children are developed in this direction as in no other community. The shooting of Brother Joseph McMurrin has shocked the community, and great sympathy is felt for him, and fervent prayers are offered for his recovery. A most estimable and worthy young man, a comfort to his parents and a joy to his family, it seems a dreadful and cruel thing for him to be shot down in the manner he was, by a ruffian of the worst type.

The exposures of the secret conduct of the prominent anti-"Mormons" who have been persecuting the Saints has caused quite a ripple of excitement in the city, which is extending itself throughout the Territory. It is well known to every one who has any knowledge whatever of these people that they are utterly rotten in their morals. Their lives are of the worst description. Virtue is a quality unknown among them. If the vileness and filthiness of their conduct could be known it would fill our innocent and unsuspecting people with unutterable disgust. The Latter-day Saints have but little knowledge of the corruptions of modern society. They have had no opportunity of becoming familiar with the scenes which are daily and nightly enacted among those who are loudest in their expressions of condemnation of us. But God is acquainted with their wickedness, and He has spoken very plainly concerning it. When the cup of their iniquity shall be filled His judgments will fall swiftly upon this wicked generation. All that we need to do is to wait patiently the developments of His providence. He will take care of His faithful people. He has planted a seed in the earth which will grow until it fills the earth. No power can crush it out. This is a cause for unceasing thankfulness.

ONE of the most delightful fruits of the system of salvation revealed by the Lord, and which was characteristic of it in ancient days as well as the present, is the love that is begotten in the hearts of the people, one for another. This is a peculiarity that has always marked the Latter-day Saints and has been the subject of many remarks by those who are not of us. It was to be one of the signs by which the disciples of Jesus were to be known, and it has never yet failed to accompany obedience to the gospel. It has made no difference in what land it has been preached or by what people it has been obeyed, those who became converts to the truth and were faithful to it never failed to manifest a love such as did not exist in their breasts before, and of which they and their neighbors knew nothing. Latter-day Saints may come from the extreme north or the extreme south, from nations as far removed as it is possible on this globe, and yet when brought together they love one another. They delight in one another's society. There is a oneness of spirit and a congenial feeling that make them brothers and sisters, though they may not be able to understand each other's language. This is the power which, when poured out universally upon mankind, will make the family of man one, binding them together in bonds of union that cannot be severed. The outpouring of such a spirit makes the millennium possible, and gives men on the earth a very good conception of the condition of affairs which will exist in heaven. When a man witnesses the effects of this spirit upon himself and his fellow-man he perceives how hatreds, animosities, contentions, envyings and strifes will all cease, and universal love fill every heart.

If we contrast these manifestations with those of the world at large outside of this Church, what a difference we behold! Look at society as it exists in this Territory outside of this Church, and see how little there is of that affection which should bind man to man! Self-interest is the only feeling which holds the most of these people together. Remove this and they are a mass of discordant, jarring elements, without cohesion, destitute of union, and frequently arrayed against each other. A society such as this is the direct opposite of that society which is produced by obedience to the gospel. The men who have influence among these people of whom we speak are those who have some favors to bestow. They are moneyed men, or they hold office. Strip them of money and of office and they cease to have the least influence.

One of the characteristics of Satan is, that when he succeeds in leading people astray and involving them in difficulty he always deserts them. At the time of their greatest need he is never there to help. So it is with those who have his spirit. When men stand in the greatest need of help from their fellow-men that is the time they are likely to get the least notice or consideration. I look back and think of the men who have been used by the combination known among us as the "ring," and find these thoughts fully illustrated in the treatment they have received. There was a man by the name of McGrorty, whom the "ring" induced to run as a candidate for Delegate to Congress against Captain Hooper. This was in the year 1868. These people patted him on the back, encouraged him and fooled him to the top of his bent, and he, poor simpleton, was willing to spend his money, and to make a contest for the seat of Delegate to Congress. He made himself utterly ridiculous and was the laughing-stock of everybody who knew him in Washington. But those here who had induced him to assume this position tried to make him believe he was achieving distinction. When, however, he had answered their purpose they threw him aside as a worthless thing, and cared no more what became of him than they did of any tramp that they might have met on the street. He had served their purpose as long as they cared to use him, and he might go to Satan for anything they cared.

Then they took up General Maxwell. He had money to spend and was willing to spend it in the way they suggested. He tried to get elected Delegate to Congress; but failing to get the votes, he undertook to contest the seat of Captain Hooper, and followed the same course that McGrorty had. He tried this twice, spent his money lavishly, was praised for doing so and called a great man, until he had answered the purposes of the "ring" and had spent all his money, then they threw him aside as they would a sucked orange. They made much of Maxwell, praised him and made him think he was a very great man while it suited their purpose to do so, and as long as he had any money to spend; but when they had got through with him, so far as they were concerned, he might have laid and rotted in the gutter.

Next they took Mr. Baskin, and he shared the same fate as his predecessors.

There is no end to instances of this character in the history of our Territory. Men have held position, and while they had a little power they were fawned upon, they were praised, they were surrounded with a crowd of sycophants, and if they could have trusted to the expressions which they heard, they might have believed they were great men and had hosts of friends. But how quickly all this changed when they lost their offices? We have this illustrated in the cases of McCurdy and Strickland, who once were judges here. Boreman, also, when removed from office, found the same change, as did McKean and others who have figured conspicuously while holding the position of Judge. So it will be with those who now occupy position. Let Murray be removed and cease to be governor, how many friends will he have? Let Zane be turned out of office, and how much respect will be entertained for him? Let Ireland be superseded, and what influence will he carry? The people who now surround these men would desert them. They would give them the cold shoulder. They would give expression then to the contempt which they now feel, but which they carefully conceal from them. Let a wolf be shot in a pack of wolves, and how quickly the others will turn and tear him to pieces. So it is in much of the Gentile society as it now exists in our midst. Among them a man's only chance to escape being devoured is to be able, through wealth or the retention of position, to maintain his influence. Strip him of this and he speedily becomes comparatively friendless.

Yet this is the society which our enemies would have us join. This is the change they seek to bring about in this Territory. Instead of love there would be hatred; instead of brotherly kindness and friendship there would be envyings and malice; instead of peace there would be strife and contention; instead of union there would be division; instead of settling difficulties with due respect to each other's rights and by the aid of mutual friends, there would be litigation, perhaps followed by bloodshed; instead of virtue there would be lust, with its horrid train of evils. This picture is not overdrawn. It is the actual condition of society as we see it around us, outside of our own people. Of course, there are exceptions. I would not make this statement too sweeping. There are men and women who are not of this character, but they are very rare. They have no chance to hold their own among such people as they have for associates, and, to live at all, feel themselves compelled to fall into their ways.

God has delivered us from such a condition of society. Whatever troubles and difficulties we may have to contend with, we, at least, can rejoice in the society of those whom we can trust. We have a peace and a love that fully compensate for all the annoyances and persecutions to which we are subjected. Who can think of exchanging the blessings which God has bestowed upon us, through obedience to the gospel, for that which the world has to offer, without shuddering at the thought? It is true, we are threatened with destruction. If it were not for the promises which God has given unto us, and the knowledge that His word cannot fail, that He never did and never will desert those who put their trust in Him, the prospects might look gloomy. But the qualities which God has brought forth in the Latter-day Saints, through their obedience, will undoutedly live. They can never be overcome, unless the people apostatize, or are destroyed from the face of the earth. But there is no danger of the people apostatizing, or of their being destroyed. These principles have come to stay, and they will remain until the Savior comes and the universal reign of peace, and truth, and righteousness shall be ushered in.

BEWARE OF DECEPTION.

BY J. C.

SIN, like the counterfeit coin, very often finds its way to us, with a smooth surface, and a pleasing exterior, but when the genuine coin is placed side by side with it, and it is properly weighed and tested its worthlessness is easily detected, and it is soon cast aside as a thing of no value.

The carpenter, who makes a bad joint, may putty and paint it to make it appear sound and perfect to the eye, and although he may succeed, momentarily in hiding from view the weakness and discrepancy, when a strain is put upon the joint, it easily yields to the pressure, and soon reveals this fraud and the imperfection of the manipulation.

Poison plants are known to produce flowers that are exquisite, beautiful and attractive to the external senses, hence it is necessary for us to be on the look-out for such flowers, while selecting our pleasures, lest the hand may mistake them for something sweet and harmless, and inadvertently transmit to all the other members of the body excrusciating pain and suffering.

In a quantity of nuts, we often notice that those that contain no kernels are the most tempting to look upon, but what does the appearance avail us when we crack the shell and find that the meat is either rotten, or altogether absent.

It is not always the rich, rosy looking fruit, that draws the attention beyond all the others in the garden, that is the most lucious and agreeable in flavor—far from it; fruits presenting a rough, uncomely exterior, are often by far the most profitable and agreeable to both the purse and person, and when we prove them as such, we prefer them as our chosen favorites, regardless of appearances.

Nor is it the fine exterior of a man or a woman that always denotes the lady or gentleman. Murderers, liars or thieves may link themselves with gold and silver, or embellish their persons with jewels and diamonds and other gay things that are precious and costly, but when all this is done their moral worth is not a particle improved; they remain the same as before—wolves in sheep's clothing, snakes in the grass, or scorpions in the path where our feet may wander, ready to prey upon the innocent wherever an opportunity may present itself.

We offer these ideas for the benefit of the young especially, as young people are more apt to be led astray by the glitter of deceit, than those of greater experience and mature years.

It is the devil's business to bait his traps in such a manner as will be most likely to catch the thoughtless and the unwary. Like the practiced, skillful angler, he knows just when and where to throw his line, and the various kinds of bait to employ, to capture those subjects that will best suit his ends. Being a fallen angel, and having, at one time communed in the counsels of the eternal worlds, he is well fitted to be a potent prince and a powerful, wily general, and nothing short of the Priesthood of the Almighty, and the wisdom of God that cometh from above, will be able to out-general him and his hosts of armies. As the end approaches, Lucifer will increase his tactics, and more securely strengthen his armour and his battlements, in anticipation of the final struggle. All the

cunning and strategy that his craft can desire, will eventually be rallied and centered against the Priesthood of the Son of God. It is this Priesthood that thrust him out of heaven for his disobedience and rebellion, that he has sworn to battle with increasing ardor, as long as a vestage of His authority and dominion shall endure and the only hope that the Saints of God can have of complete success and victory, is in perfect obedience and submission to the teachings and counsels of God, as they are enunciated and revealed from time to time through the agency of His holy and eternal Priesthood.

A HOLIDAY STROLL IN PRUSSIA.

THREE years ago this Christmas, during a few months' sojourn in the northern part of the German Empire, it became my duty to pay a visit to the city of Frankfort on the Oder, distant some sixty miles from the capital city, Berlin, where I had, for a time, fixed my headquarters. The weather was cold as December usually is, but there was no snow on the ground, while the air was clear and bracing; and having, as "Mormon" missionaries invariably have, more time than money at command, and being, moreover, endowed with perfect health and an abundance of physical strength, it occurred to me that here was an opportunity for an inexpensive holiday jaunt, on which, instead of patronizing the railroad and doing the round trip, business and all, in one day, I would wander along leisurely afoot, trusting to friends by the wayside for that food and shelter which the exercise would make doubly welcome.

The district of country referred to is thinly settled, being for the most part extensive forests, with scattering and poverty-stricken hamlets—uninteresting so far as natural attractions and historical associations are concerned, and forbidding in the rough, uncouth, and ignorant character of its scanty population. But it was a new field for missionary labor, and hence not without the charm of novelty. Besides, I was bent on having an enjoyable holiday trip, even though seven thousand miles stretched between me and my home, and resolved in the outset that everything should contribute to my pleasure and profit.

The good old woman, whose sympathy for my loneliness and whose appreciation of my struggles with the German language were only manifested in tears and fervently uttered interjections, heard my determination with dismay, and forbore not, with true Teutonic superstition, to warn me of the goblins and sprites who made the woods their home, and of the many well-authenticated cases of mysterious disappearance of travelers. Finding that her earnestness drew forth no other response than a smile, she set about preparing my luggage, consisting of a very few necessaries, and my first day's luncheon, consisting of the large end of a rye loaf and some cold boiled beans, put up in a paper bag. Her worthy husband, an honest tailor, insisted on my accepting the loan of his knapsack, instead of my own valise, and a stout oak staff, which, from its peculiar three cornered head, he assured me was proof against all the tricks of the imps through whose haunts I was to journey. A goodly bundle of tracts, with a book or two for my own reading, completed my equipment, and thus I set out.

Koepenick Street, which being followed in a south-easterly direction leads to the village of that name, situated seven miles up the Spree from Berlin, is most frequently reached by pleasant steamboat ride. However, the walk along the smooth, hard road, with occasional stoppages and conversations with some of the many odd characters met by the way, I found quite attractive. One young scapegrace, who a few years before had run away from home and gone to America, afterwards returning and accepting the lucrative post of breaking stones on the highway, where I found him, was particularly communicative. He left his work long enough to walk with me into the village, pointing out the chateau where the great Frederick when a young man and heir to the throne, for some boyish indiscretion was tried by court martial. He pointed out the prince's chamber, and under the shadow of its walls was good enough to eat the larger half of my lunch, narrating all the while, with such poor encouragement as I could give him, the experiences of a short, well-meant, but decidedly unsuccessful life. The distribution of a score or so of missionary tracts, a four-mile walk around the shore of one of the numerous lakes which are scattered at close intervals all over the province, and a thankfully accepted opportunity to bear testimony to a corps of wood-choppers, consumed the greater part of the afternoon. But Erkner, eight miles distant from Koepenick, to which after my digression I was forced to return, was my destination for the night, and thitherward I proceeded at my very best pace.

Night comes on suddenly in dense forests, and with still several miles to travel I found myself alone in the darkness, uncertain as to the course to take, and barely able to distinguish the faint path which I had taken in preference to the rough and rocky road. Under these circumstances, with the wind sighing mournfully through the pine boughs, and every now and then a startled rabbit jumping across my path, it is not strange that I thought of the old lady's stories, and clung, more or less unconsciously, to the talismanic staff. The climax of my peculiar emotions was reached, when, on emerging into a small clearing, a gigantic white form, with three ghostly arms wide outstretched, seemed to suddenly thrust itself before my eyes, prepared to envelop me in its weird embrace. For the moment I reproached myself for having laughed at superstition, but in the next I felt glad for the chance of proving how groundless such fears were, for the intruder on closer inspection proved a welcome friend, being nothing more nor less than—a guide-post. Climbing up to the arms which a moment ago looked so terrible, but which now in turn I felt like embracing, I found with the help of an uncertain match that my day's journey would end with one more mile's walk, and upon this final march I started cheerily. Five minutes brought me to the open country, and two minutes more to a large comfortable-looking homestead, the blinking of whose light had guided me to the door. I knocked, and it was opened to me; supper and lodging were tendered me without the asking. The conversation soon turned to America, and this brought me to my favorite theme. "Mormonism" was discussed pro and con with vigor, at times almost with vehemence, and when at last I was shown to bed, the happy consciousness of having withstood the onslaught and broken my first lance in the cause of true religion accompanied me and filled my dreams.

Whoever has slept on a thoroughly German bed, with the light, warm and luxurious down bed for covering, will understand the effort necessary to arise before one's sleep is half out. However, the incessant clanging of a huge bell which called the farm laborers from their work to breakfast, left me no time for peaceful meditation, and I was soon one of the

large party around the steaming board. The family were favorably disposed toward the belief I professed, and had been reading some of my tracts for an hour before I arose. An academic young sprig, the eighteen-year-old hope of the household, alone felt inclined to renew his opposition of the previous night, but he was abruptly silenced by the parental admonition: "Don't be foolish; thou chatterest much about that of which thou knowest nothing." (I may here add that the young man afterwards received the gospel—the only one in the whole family who at last accounts had done so). The sun was just rising above the surrounding forest when I left the roof of my hospitable entertainers, with heartfelt gratitude for the privilege I had had of warning a few more souls, and with feelings towards those souls which I was only feebly able to express.

But I have taken so much space to tell of only my first day's movements that it will be necessary to defer till next number the conclusion of my trip. J. Q. C.

CURIOUS COMPANIONS.

BY VIDI.

A PERSON traveling by rail is thrown into the society of very many different characters, some of whom he admires, others dislikes and all of whom he may study with profit. A brief description of some of these whom the writer met in a recent journey may not be uninteresting to the many readers of the INSTRUCTOR.

The first individual to attract attention after starting was a short, slim, prim-built little fellow, with dark side whiskers and a miserable excuse for a moustache. He could not have been more than twenty-six years of age, and yet, were one to accept his word for it, a person of greater general intelligence could not be found. His great specialty, however, was a knowledge of cards, to a game of which he invited every passenger in the car. Should he succeed in winning it was soon made known to all present by his boistrous laughter, and loud boasts of what he had done and could do, and were he the loser it was merely because "I was not paying much attention." He it was who was ever ready to interrupt the conversation of others by what he thought were good jokes, smart puns or delightful anecdotes. In fact his mouth was ever open "to bray" at others, but his ears were ever closed to receive the instruction he so much needed, thus exhibiting his gross ignorance and lack of good manners.

Next is the sandy-complexioned man of middle stature, whose swaggering gait and high-toned airs would almost indicate that he owned the railroad and all its appendages. He knew something of everybody and everything, and what he did not know it was scarcely worth the trouble to learn. With the "Mormon" question he was perfectly conversant (?), and could soon solve, were the power given him, the vexing problem. He had remained two days in Utah, one of which had been spent in Alta, and with his unusually keen perception(?) he had grasped the whole situation. The "Mormons" were undoubtedly in rebellion, and the United States officials in Utah were laboring with their lives in their hands. Only a few days ago a brave young deputy marshal had been attacked by a crowd of men, and only escaped after shooting one or two of his assailants. For this act and many others the "Mormon" readers should be hung, the Church property confiscated and the people who still continued to believe in the religion be driven from the United States. This would be his method. The only remarkable things about this man was his self-conceit and his ability to misstate facts.

We next have a large, jolly Yankee, who does not seem to care about anything but to eat and sleep, in which latter occupation he affords great amusement to his fellow-travelers by his terrific snoring. He has no religion, and does not care what others believe as long as they do not interfere with him. He would just as soon accept the religion of the "self-styled Saints" as that of any other denomination, and if the Bible were true he could not see but that "Mormonism" was also. For his part he would let Utah and its people severely alone.

We now come to an aged, spare-built, though well preserved, gentleman, whom I would call "one of the honorable men of the earth." He looks with disgust on the loud-mouthed youth, with pity on the man of murderous intent and with somewhat of favor on the jolly infidel. He is one who speaks not often, but all his utterances are couched in wisdom. He listens respectfully to the remarks of others, apparently seeking to gain reliable information from every source. He believes in granting equal rights to all men of whatever race, color or religion. His example, except in his religion, which is Catholicism, my readers might with profit follow.

Among the female passengers, is a giddy girl who recently took a part in a modern opera with an amateur company. Her thoughts and talk are all about opera, and so anxious is she to let people know of her achievement in this direction that at every stopping place she elevates her voice to almost its highest pitch and prates about the impression she created. It's a pity that we have not a person aboard who heard this remarkable individual in the opera, to tell us the other side of the story. To such an individual one is almost compelled, out of courtesy, to listen for a time, but there is a great sigh of relief when she reaches her destination.

We might continue and tell of the woman who lies in her sleeping berth until noon, and wants all the train officials to wait on her; of the little, fat German Jew who is on his way to *Vaterland* to visit relatives; of the drummer who has wines and liquors to sample; of the female who will laugh and chat as merrily as can be, but who would not for the world go outside of the car door without almost enveloping herself in crape; but we will refrain.

We hope that all of Zion's children will be instructed in the art of etiquette, so that when they travel or are present at a social gathering, they may not make themselves foolishly conspicuous by their lack of the knowledge of how to behave.

MAN'S CHAIN OF DUTIES.—It is useful to observe in our progress through life the chain of duties, trials, and blessings which imperceptibly conduct us from one period to another; and how successive comforts and blessings spring from previous duties. Thus the diligence, sobriety, and virtuous habits of youth will, in middle age, ensure to us through God's blessing the respect of the world, and success in our pursuits, and the active and useful employments of that period, added to early and continued piety and benevolence, will produce an old age of comfort and consolation. Thus proceeding in the way we should go, we reap from the same source our reward for the past, and our encouragement for the future.

HE who can at all times sacrifice pleasure to duty approaches sublimity.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, DECEMBER 15, 1885.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

A SCORE of years has elapsed since we commenced the publication of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. This is the closing number of the twentieth volume. Many great and important changes have occurred during that period. The kingdom of God has grown and spread abroad and taken firmer root in the earth, notwithstanding the animosity and deadly opposition with which it has at times had to contend. In looking back over this space of time how many events crowd upon the memory! Friends whom we knew in the vigor of manhood and in the full possession of mental power have gone the way of all the earth. Their places are now filled by men of a new generation. Servants of God who seemed indispensable to the prosperity of His work, and without whom it seemed as though no progress could be made, have left this condition of existence and gone to join the unnumbered millions who are behind the vail. And yet the work of God thrives and, despite opposition, spreads forth in the earth. It is a delightful reflection, in the midst of the scenes through which we are now passing, to know that God has made promises concerning His Zion that can never fail. Men may array themselves against His work; they may decree its destruction, they may threaten to overwhelm it by sheer force of numbers; but the word of Him who created the heavens and the earth has gone forth to the effect that His Church and Kingdom which He has established shall never be overthrown, and that the Priesthood which He has restored will remain on the earth.

We sincerely trust that the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR will live until they shall be fully satisfied with life, and enjoy in their own lives the fulfillment of the promises of God unto them. We trust the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR itself will continue to perform its mission, and go on increasing in influence and in ability to do good, in teaching the rising generation the principles of righteousness, as it has had the happy privilege of doing to the children and youth of Zion for the past twenty years.

We happened to read the other day a statement to the effect that among the Hindus there is a custom of setting apart a particular room to which any member of the family who may be under the influence of what we call a bad spirit, retires, and where he or she remains until restored to good feeling. If this be true, it is a most excellent arrangement. The description said that if a child manifested any improper feeling, or gave way to temper, it was reminded of this room and told to retire there. Grown people, also, when they were inclined to be ill-tempered or cross, instead of exhibiting ill humor in the family circle, retired to this room until they recovered their good nature.

Why should we not adopt a similar plan? It would be attended with most excellent effects in every family, if it was understood that neither children nor grown people have any right to vent their ill humor in the presence of others. Children should be taught to control their tempers, and to cultivate gentle and amiable feelings. When they are under the influence of anger or a bad spirit, instead of being allowed to exhibit that, making every one around them feel unpleasantly, they should be taught to retire by themselves until they overcome that influence, and can return to mingle in the family circle in a pleasant humor. So with parents. If a husband or father does not feel in a pleasant mood, he has no right to annoy others with bursts of ill temper, with expressions of anger, or any other manifestations that would disturb their peace. A wife and mother, also, should control her tongue in the presence of her husband and her children. If she cannot do so, she had better retire by herself until good temper is restored.

But there are some people who seem to have an idea that they have a perfect right to exhibit any mood, however unpleasant, that they may be in to every one around them. Probably they have never been checked from childhood in their ebullitions of anger and bad temper.

Now, children should be taught to control themselves, and the lesson should be impressed upon them that it is a mark of ill breeding to speak angrily or to disturb others by their freaks of ill temper. They have no right to annoy any one, however nearly related the person may be to them. Good temper and amiability, among the Latter-day Saints especially, should be cultivated. The Spirit of the Lord produces these fruits in all who possess it. If the face of an angry man or woman is watched it will be seen to be distorted and unnatural. However much a person may be loved by these around him, they cannot look upon his countenance when under the influence of passion without feeling to shrink from its changed appearance. But when the Spirit of God reigns in a person's heart it produces gentleness, kindness and love; his features beam with amiability and are attractive to all who look upon them. This is especially the case with the gentler sex. A woman who cultivates the Spirit of the Lord and seeks to live under its constant influence is attractive to her husband, to her children, and to her associates. They delight in her society. So with children. If they grow up under its heavenly influence, it leaves its effects upon their faces. In childhood and youth faces are mobile. They easily acquire certain expressions. If the thoughts be of an elevated and pleasant character they leave their impress upon the features, but if anger, or a lustful, or sordid, or any improper feeling prevails, the effects are left upon the face, and the expression, in the lapse of time, becomes a fixed one.

We cannot impress too strongly upon our little readers the advantage of cultivating good temper and pleasant manners. Persons may be inclined to be hasty or quick tempered, but by watching themselves and cultivating self-control they can overcome that tendency; they can acquire an unruffled and placid temper. On the other hand, if they permit themselves to yield to impatience, to a cross or angry feeling and to every passing whim, they lose that control which they should exercise and become slaves to anger and to passion. It is not only unpleasant for themselves to be in this condition, but it is disagreeable for others with whom they are associated. Who is there that does not naturally shrink from association with a person who flies to pieces at the slightest provocation, and indulges in frequent bursts of ill temper? Among Latter-day

Saints there should be an entirely different spirit and disposition, and we trust our readers will endeavor, by the aid of the Spirit of God, to cultivate those good qualities which will make them delightful companions for their friends on earth, and hereafter for the residents of heaven.

CHRISTMAS IN THE SOUTH.

THE readers of the INSTRUCTOR have in the accompanying cut a picture of Christmas in the South. In the upper left-hand corner may be seen a boy dancing a jig over the explosion of a box of fire-crackers, while another boy is almost knocked over backward by the kicking of a gun he has just fired; the little girl covers her eyes with her hands in fright at the noise, while Fido, the dog, is leaving in a hurry.

In the right hand corner one boy is excitedly pointing to his bird snare that he has just placed into position, ready for the next flock of quails that may chance to wander that way.

In the lower left hand corner a roasted pig, with an apple between his teeth, lays snugly on a platter waiting to be carved and eaten, along with the other many good things provided for the Christmas feast.

In the lower right hand corner Uncle Remus has a huge pudding with a holly leaf on top; the old man looks like he might be a preacher and I expect he is, but preachers like puddings and roast pig, I am told, as well as other people.

In the center-piece, a little white girl has come into the cabin with a present for the baby, a cast-off jacket, that she has worn, until she got too large for it, and she now gives it to the little "Pickaninny," as the negro baby is called, to keep it warm. The entire household seem pleased at the baby's Christmas gift, while the boy seems about ready to go off into a double shuffle.

Aunt Dinah is thanking little Ruth for her present. Huldah, with a steaming dish of food in her hands, stops to admire the garment, while the baby, looks on in wonder, and

enjoys it all in its baby way.

These poor people were once slaves, and owned by the white people, liable to be bought and sold, the same as horses are bought and sold; but now they are free, and are their own masters, and their condition is much better than it once was, as they are allowed to have schools, build churches, own land, and come and go as they please.

They are naturally a fun-loving people and the holidays, are to them one continual time of enjoyment, eating, dancing, visiting and merry-making. The girls will don their gayest ribbons, and the young men will dress in their best, and for the next four weeks, it will be impossible to get an hours' work from them.

As a people they are increasing rapidly in numbers, in wealth and in influence, and at no distant day, will hold sufficient power to make themselves felt in our government, in making laws, and enforcing them.

MISSIONARY.

Stories for the Little Ones.

CHRISTMAS.

BY P. F. E.

BEFORE day-break
The children wake,
Anxious at dawn to rise:
They take a peep,
And then to sleep
They close again their eyes;
But sleep is gone
From every one—
Again they look about:
"It's light as day!"
We hear one say;
"Let's all at once jump out:
And then we'll see
Who first will be
All dressed and out the door."
"All right," Joe said,
"Agreed," cried Fred,
Just tumbling to the floor.
"I'd like to know,"
Said Master Joe,
"What 'Santa's' brought for me."
"And I would, too,"
Spoke gentle Sue,
"Wonder what can it be!"
"O, I tan tell!"
Cried little Nell,
The smallest of them all,
"He's dot for me
A set of tea,
An' a big, big china doll!"
Before one knows
They've donned their clothes,
And through the hall they trot,
All full of glee,
They haste to see
What Santa Claus has brought.
With glad surprise
And dancing eyes
The "Christmas tree" they view;
Weighed down with toys
For girls and boys,
All dangling bright and new.
"What lovely things
Dear 'Santa' brings!"
They all at once exclaim;
But neither knew,
Nor could tell who
Brought them, nor whence they came.
Fine dolls there were,
With flaxen hair,
And eyes that would roll back;
And building blocks,
A music box,
A ball and "jumping-jack."
Fred had, beside,
A horse to ride—
(A bicycle had Joe),
A smaller lad
A big drum had,
And trumpet loud to blow.
And then, again,
Some wooden men
Were formed into a line;
And every one
Shouldered a gun—
They looked like soldiers fine.
With all of these
Nice things to please
They scream out with delight,
And shout and roar
As ne'er before
From early morn till night.
Throughout the day
They laugh and play,
And frisk just like a lamb,
And pates they smear
From mouth to ear
With candy; dirt and jam.

When night comes on
It finds each one
Worn out, sleepy and sore—
Soon to his bed
Each one has fled,
And Christmas day is o'er.

THE CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

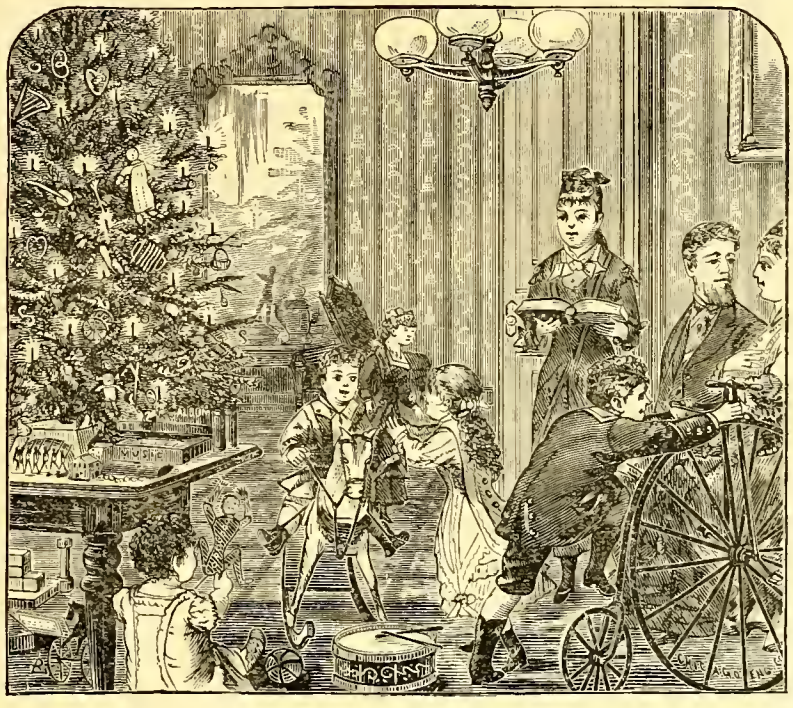
George Moore, the eminent English philanthropist, began life in extreme poverty.

His biographer, Samuel Smiles, gives a pitiful account of his crying in the streets of London, because he had no friends and could not find work.

His middle life was passed in well-earned affluence, and his last years were spent in the grand old castle of the ancient Percy's, which he had gazed upon in awe in boyhood, and which his great wealth at last enabled him to purchase for a home.

His moral life was a succession of growths.

He was exposed to great temptations in youth, but when he came to feel that the tendency of his life was wrong in any direction, he arrested this course by prompt decision.



CHRISTMAS. (*See page* 378).

It was these decisions, these constant turnings from evil courses into life's best ways, that led him at last in a career of worldly success, piety, and philanthropy.

He thus describes one of the dangerous periods of his first apprenticeship:

"My master gave way to drinking, and set before me a bad example. I lodged in the public-house nearly all the time, and saw nothing but wickedness and drinking. I played cards almost every night. I sometimes played the whole night through. Gambling was my passion and it might have been my ruin."

It was Christmas morning. The apprentice lad had spent the night at the card-table. He had retired long after midnight, with a conscience ill at ease, and the prospect of dismissal from his master's service before him.

Suddenly his ear was arrested by strains of music.

The gray light was breaking, and the waits, as is the custom in England, were abroad playing carols.

The music brought before his mind, like a vision, his old home, the future dangers of his present course, and, in contrast with his own eclipsed life, the luminous Bethlehem story.

"Come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant, come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem! Come and adore Him. Born the king of angels. Let's hasten to adore Him, Christ our Lord!"

"Better thoughts," he says, "came over me with the sweet carols. I felt overwhelmed with remorse and penitence. I thought of my dear father, and feared that I might break his heart, and bring his gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. I resolved to give up card-playing and gambling. This resolve, by the grace of God, I have firmly carried out."

Many years passed, and George Moore's life became an expression of gratitude to God for the grace that had been given him at these critical periods of youth. "George Moore's Christmas" became a famous feature of London's charities, and he himself had learned to sing in spirit the refrain, "Let's hasten to adore Him, Christ, our Lord!"

"Sound," said the schoolmaster, "is what you hear. For instance, you cannot feel a sound." "Oh, yes, you can!" said a smart boy. "John Wilkins," retorted the pedagogue, "how do you make that out? What sound can you feel?" "A sound thrashing," quickly replied the smart boy.

THE PRIESTHOOD.

BY E. F. P.

THE term Priesthood springs from the word priest, the title given to a male personage who officiates in sacred ordinances, or religious ceremonies. Priest is derived from the Latin root *Praestes*, which means a chief, or one who presides. This definition is in conformity with the calling of a High Priest in the Church of Christ, as the special duty of one holding this office is to preside or take the lead. In a general sense as understood by the world, the term Priesthood signifies the office or character of a Priest, and the order of persons of this calling. In the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter day Saints the word Priesthood has a broader meaning. It is not only applied to those holding the office of Priest, but everyone who is authorized to officiate in any ordinances pertaining to the gospel has some portion of what is called the Holy Priesthood conferred upon him. When used in this sense, therefore, the Priesthood signifies authorized power to act in the name of God and officiate in His ordinances.

The Priesthood is generally divided under two heads, namely the Melchizedek or greater and the Aaronic or lesser. The former received the name which it now bears from Melchizedek, a High Priest who lived cotemporaneously with Abraham, and from whom the latter received the Priesthood. In the early history of the world it was called the Holy Priesthood after the order of the Son of God. But in order to avoid the repetition of the name of the Supreme Being when the Priesthood was referred to, it was called by the name which it now bears. The lesser Priesthood obtained its name from Aaron, the brother of Moses, who had this Priesthood conferred upon him. There was a portion of the Priesthood conferred upon the Levites in the days of Moses and was then called the Levitical Priesthood. In reality, however, there is but one Priesthood, and these divisions are for convenience, and for the purpose of designating one branch of it from another. The Aaronic Priesthood is an appendage to the Melchizedek, and is secondary to it. The Levitical Priesthood is also an appendage to the Aaronic. The greater Priesthood embraces both the Melchizedek and the Aaronic Priesthoods, and includes all the authority, power and privileges bestowed upon mankind. The Melchizedek Priesthood is therefore not a different one to the Aaronic, but is more extended or includes a greater portion of power, authority and privileges.

Again, there are different degrees in the two grand divisions of the Priesthood. In the greater or Melchizedek Priesthood there are officers called Apostles, High Priests, Seventies and Elders; and in the Aaronic or lesser Priesthood there are Priests, Teachers and Deacons. The office of Bishop is also included in and stands at the head of the Aaronic Priesthood.

The Holy Priesthood is eternal, and is without beginning or end. Nothing therefore can be said of its origin; but we will endeavor to trace it from Father Adam, who received it from God. He conferred it upon Abel, his son, and through him it was bestowed upon Enoch and so on down from father to son to Noah, and still continuing to Melchizedek. Abraham received the Priesthood from the latter, and it is probable that it remained with his descendants down to Joseph, who was sold into Egypt, as they were righteous men, and were greatly favored of heaven. The scriptures, however, are silent in regard to this matter. Providing that it continued with the seed of Abraham until this time, it is quite probable that it ceased to be held among them soon after the death of Joseph, and that they partook, to some extent, of the idolatry of the Egyptians among whom they dwelt. But the Lord also bestowed His Holy Priesthood upon one of His servants named Esaias, who lived in the same age as did Abraham, and from him it was handed down from one generation to another until it was conferred upon Jethro, who transmitted it to Moses, his son-in-law, and the great law-giver to the children of Israel. Thus the Holy Priesthood continued upon the earth from the days of Adam till the advent of Moses. Until this time we have no account of the Priesthood being divided into what is called the greater and the lesser.

On account of the hardness of the hearts of the Israelites, and their inability to live worthy of the Melchizedek Priesthood, the Lord in His wrath swore that they should not receive of the fullness of His glory. He therefore took Moses and the fullness of the Holy Priesthood from their midst. But upon Aaron He bestowed a Priesthood which was called after his name. This lesser Priesthood, together with the preparatory gospel, or law of carnal commandments, continued among the Israelites until the birth of John, the forerunner of the Savior. John was entitled to this Priesthood by inheritance, and he "was ordained by the angel of God at the time he was eight days old unto this power, to overthrow the kingdom of the Jews, and to make straight the way of the Lord before the face of His people, to prepare them for the coming of the Lord," etc.

When the Savior came to perform His mission upon the earth in the flesh, He restored the Holy Priesthood in its fullness to the earth together with His gospel, and they remained until His apostles and servants were put to death and the saints were overcame by the wickedness of the world.

The people were finally deprived of the Priesthood entirely, and there was no one left among them who had authority to act in the name of the Lord. The disciples of the Savior who desired to tarry upon the earth and not taste of death, held the Priesthood; but they were rejected by the children of men, and there is no account of anyone being authorized to establish the kingdom of God upon the earth from the days of the ancient apostles until the present century when the Prophet Joseph Smith was called of God for this purpose. He received the Aaronic Priesthood from John the Baptist and the Melchizedek from Peter, James and John, three of the Savior's ancient apostles. He also received all the keys of the Holy Priesthood and the fullness of the everlasting gospel. The power which he held he conferred upon others, and the world, after being so many years in spiritual darkness, is again favored with the living Priesthood of God, and the pure gospel of Jesus Christ. Thousands of men who now live upon the earth are in possession of the Priesthood, and are clothed with authority to proclaim the gospel to the inhabitants of the earth.

We will now turn to the peoples who were directed by the Lord to come to this continent of America. There is but little said in the Book of Mormon concerning the Priesthood. No doubt Jared and his brother and the Jaredite prophets who appeared at different times among that people as well as Mulek, who led a colony to this land held the Priesthood. We would infer also that the Nephites had the Melchizedek Priesthood prior to the Savior's advent among them, at least at one particular time. The Book of Alma states that he, (Alma) ordained Elders and Priests in the Church. There can be no doubt that the Aaronic Priesthood was had among them, as there is mention made in several places of the ordin-

ance of baptism for the remission of sins being performed. Nephi says that the laws of Moses were observed among his people. When the Savior appeared among the Nephites, He established His Church upon this continent, and ordained men to the Melchizedek Priesthood. But when the people became wicked this power was withdrawn from among them and they were left to themselves.

In every gospel dispensation since the beginning the Priesthood has been bestowed upon those who were authorized to administer in its ordinances. Any set of people, therefore, who claim to have the true gospel and are not in possession of a regularly organized Priesthood are in error, for the gospel and the Priesthood of the Son of God are inseparably connected with each other.

The influence of the Priesthood upon nations as well as individuals is very perceptible. Its effects are plainly visable to all who are conversant with the history of the various nations and kingdoms that have arisen, flourished for a time and decayed. Invariably those nations which have been favored with rulers or subjects who held the Priesthood have arisen to the highest degree of their glory and civilization when they obeyed the voice of the Priesthood and heeded the counsel of the servants of God. The only perfect government is that of the Priesthood. Every man-made system of government must fall sooner or later, and every nation that springs into existence must crumble and fall before the establishment of the great Kingdom of God which we who hold the Priesthood are aiding in bringing about. The Latter-day Saints are a nation of Priests, and the work in which they are engaged will eventually fill the whole earth, and the inhabitants will be ruled and governed by the Holy Priesthood.

PETTY ANNOYANCES.

BY W. J.

IN our journey through our mortal probation a great many things transpire which are very annoying. Among these many things may be found numerous petty annoyances—the mosquito bites of life. Such petty annoyances are almost innumerable, and they are liable to occur at any time or place.

The unguarded or thoughtless expression, though not intended to give offense, may produce ill feelings, which may form the foundation of lasting and increasing prejudice, causing numerous feuds, much litigation, and culminating eventually in the foulest murder. Not looking at a person, or looking unpleasantly (though the unpleasant expression of countenance may be caused by severe secret sorrow and trouble, and almost beyond control, and certainly not put on to offend); or the failure to look when one ought to, perhaps; or the unpleasant look, may cause serious trouble even among particular but sensitive friends, who do not thoroughly understand all the affecting circumstances. The accidental jostle on the crowded street may be misconstrued; the mistake through hurry and "press of business" may be construed as an intentional attempt to swindle; and, in short, a great number and variety of trifling but annoying circumstances may arise in the workshop, in the mart of business, on the farm, and wherever the children of men operate in this wide, wide world. Even the sacred precincts of the family circle are not exempt from such occurrences, all of which suggest the necessity for cultivating and exercising patience, forbearance, charity, and self-control.

One class of sore trials referred to is illustrated by the following account of a man trying to sew a button on his pants: "Sometimes the patient wife scalds her right hand, or runs a sliver under the nail of the index finger of that hand, and it is then the man clutches the needle round the neck, and forgetting to tie a knot in the thread, commences to put on the button. It is always in the morning, and from five to twenty minutes after he is expected to be down street. He lays the button exactly on the site of its predecessor, and pushes the needle through one eye, and carefully draws the thread after, leaving about three inches of it sticking up for leeway. He says to himself: 'Well, if women don't have the easiest time I ever see!' Then he comes back the other way, and gets the needle through the cloth well enough, and lays himself out to find the eye, but in spite of a good deal of patient jabbing, the needle point persists in bucking against the solid parts of that button, and, finally, when he loses patience, his fingers catch the thread, and that three inches he had left to hold the button slips through the eye in a twinkling, and the button rolls leisurely across the floor. He picks it up without a single remark, out of respect to his children, and makes another attempt to fasten it. This time, when coming back with the needle, he keeps both the thread and button from slipping by covering them with his thumb, and it is out of regard for that part of him that he feels around for the eye in a very careful and judicious manner; but, eventually, losing his philosophy as the search becomes more and more hopeless, he falls to jabbing about in a loose and savage manner, and it is just then the needle finds the opening, and comes up through the button and part way through his thumb with a celerity that no human ingenuity can guard against. Then he lays down the things, with a few familiar quotations, and presses the injured hand between his knees, and then holds it under the other arm, and finally jams it into his mouth, and all the while he prances about the floor and calls upon heaven and earth to witness that there has never been anything like it since the world was created, and howls, and whistles, and moans, and sobs. After awhile he calms down, and puts on his pants, and fastens them together with a stick, and goes to his business a changed man."

And here is an illustration of another class of petty annoyances: "I remember," said Henry Ward Beecher, "when I received an old cow in payment of a bad debt. It was a very bad debt, and I came to consider it a bad payment. She was a thin cow, but the former owner said she was better than she looked, being a cross between a Jersey and the Durham. She looked as if she might have been a cross between an old hair trunk and an abandoned hoopskirt. I kept the brute three days, and no one, except perhaps Lieutenant Atwell, could ever appreciate the sufferings I endured in that time. The first night she broke through the fence, and reduced to a pulp all the underclothing belonging to my next door neighbor. She put her horns through my bath tub, and ate up all my geraniums. She was to give three gallons of milk a day, but she seemed to be short just then, and never had that to spare while we kept her. The second day she walked into the kitchen, and upset a pan of butter and a tub of lard. Then she fell down a well, and when I got her out, at a cost of five dollars, she took the colic, whooping cough, or something, and kept us awake all night. Not a green thing was left in my garden. My neighbor's peach tree, and the rope on which his underwear grew, were as bare of fruit as a single-tree, and he did not have a twig of shrubbery left. My neighbor came over to see me and said;

'Now, I don't desire any quarrel, but I want you to keep your cow out of my shrubbery.'

'And I want you, my friend,' said I, 'to keep your shrubbery out of my cow; it spoils the taste of the milk.'

Ever afterwards there was a coolness between us, and my neighbor's wife ceased to patronize our house when she wanted to borrow a cupfull of yeast powder."

CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

"Once more the rapid, fleeting year
Has brought Old Christmas to the door."

THE season of Christmas festivity has come round again, bringing a happy reunion of families, pleasant greeting of old friends, the healing of old quarrels, and a broad, warm spirit of love and harmony, which is the best of all inspirations to good cheer and innocent, hearty merriment.

It is a pleasant thought that everywhere through the world multitudes are engaged at this time in commemorating the birth of Christ, at once with thankful devotions and with blithe rejoicings; that now there is scarcely a corner of the earth where some one is not taking part in joyous observance of this day.

The Christmas customs which are followed here, and there are many of them, are very ancient. Some have even been borrowed from pagan times, before Christ came on earth. The hanging of the mistletoe in England, was derived from an incident in the marriages of the half mythical old Druids; while the use of holly and ivy is taken from the Greeks and Romans, who graced the tables of their feasts with these bright evergreens.

How curious the contrast, however, between the ways of celebrating Christmas among the different nations! What changes have come over the spirit of the festival here and there!

We in America have received many, if not most, of our Christmas customs from our parent country, "merrie England;" but in England Christmas is no longer the day of games and fine old traditional ceremonies it once was. It is rarely that the yule-log is burned nowadays, or that the "lord of misrule" is chosen to exercise his merry despotism in the household; and whereas the Christmas games, in the times of good Queen Bess, lasted for more than a month, a week is all the modern, money-making English can devote to them.

While Christmas has been growing less festal in England, it has been spreading wider and wider among us, until now all Americans, from ocean to ocean and gulf to gulf, take part in the observance of the day.

Our Puritan fathers, who were so afraid of celebrating the day that, on their first Christmas spent on this continent, they set vigorously to work building "ye first house," would be amazed, indeed, could they look upon the millions of American homes all over the land, with their groaning tables, their laughter, their displays of presents, on the modern Christmas days.

We enjoy our Christmas within doors, since without the day is apt to be frosty and biting, and most often the ground is shrouded in snow. Yet we may be said to enjoy the "golden mean." It is neither too cold nor too warm with us to enjoy ourselves.

While we sit by the roaring fire, in snug parlor or sitting-room, we can think that far away on the other side of the globe people are celebrating Christmas beneath a hot and blazing sun.

There is no spot where Christmas is more heartily honored than in Australia; yet there it has to be enjoyed with the thermometer at 100 degrees in the shade. Think of Christmas being hotter than the Fourth of July! Think of celebrating it out upon banks of rich green grass, under the shade of gorgeous foliage, with birds of brilliant plumage perched upon the branches, and singing rich and thrilling Christmas songs! Think, too, of being obliged to fan yourself to keep cool, and to stop every moment, while eating your Christmas dinner, to brush away the flies and mosquitoes which swarm about you, insisting on sharing the good fare!

Very different is the Christmas festivity enjoyed in the bleak and freezing regions of northern Russia. There the merry-makers have to take as good care to keep warm as the Australians do to keep reasonably cool.

Probably the Christmas customs of rural Russia are the oldest now celebrated in the world; it is in Russia, of all countries, that these customs are kept up with all their ancient enthusiasm and significance.

There the people in the country begin to prepare for Christmas as early as in November. Certain houses, belonging to rich and hospitable families, are chosen as the scene of the merry-making, whither the rich to which the families belong are invited, in great state, by the *nurses*, who are the envoys on these occasions. Christmas in Russia is, above all, a maidens' festival. When the guests arrive at the house, the maidens are separated from the rest, and are provided with a single room, where they all sleep together. They are treated with especial honor from beginning to end. The hostess selects a young gallant for each, who is called her "elected," and after certain customs have been gone through, the "elected" are admitted to see and pay attentions to the maidens they have been chosen to consort with.

Many are the quaint customs and songs of the Russian Christmas, which can only be hinted at here.

But nowhere is Christmas the occasion of more real enjoyment and content than with us, though few and simple the customs with which we celebrate it. It is right for us to derive all the innocent pleasure possible from the happy season, not forgetting, the while, how solemn and glorious is the event which we thus joyously commemorate, with its beautiful lesson of "love to our fellow man."

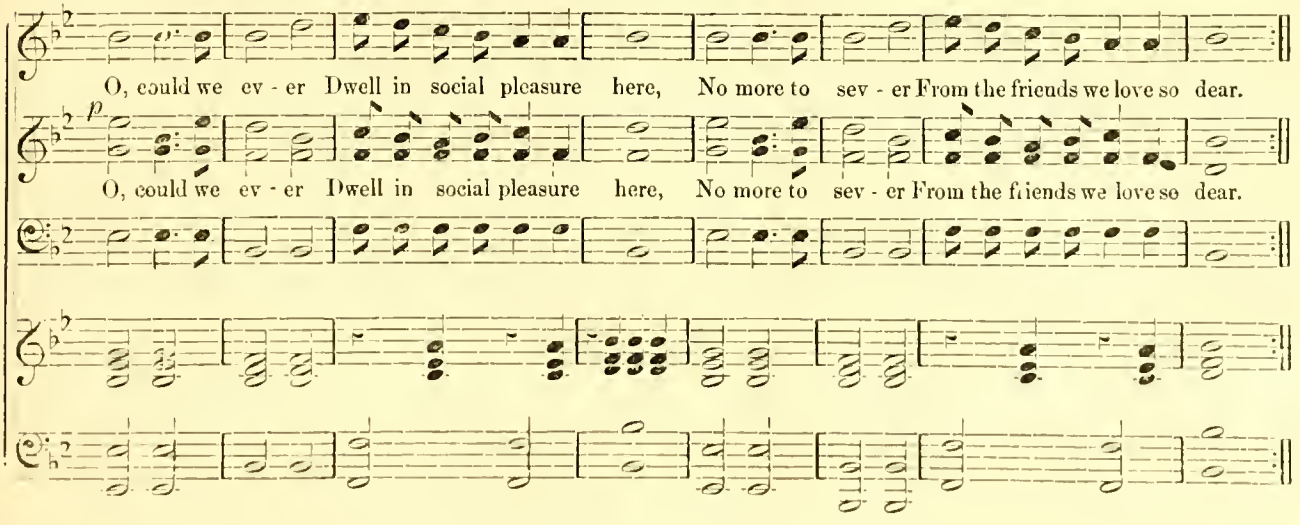
FLOWERS.—The cultivation of flowers is, of all the amusements of mankind, the one to be selected and approved as the most innocent in itself, and most perfectly devoid of injury or annoyance to others: the employment is not only conducive to health and peace of mind, but, probably, more good-will has arisen, and friendships been founded, by the intercourse and communication connected with this pursuit, than from any other whatsoever: the pleasures, the ecstacies of the horticulturist, are harmless and pure; a streak, a tint, a shade, becomes his triumph, which, though often obtained by chance, are secured alone by morning care, by evening caution, and the vigilance of days: an employ which, in its various grades, excludes neither the opulent nor the indigent, and teeming with boundless variety, affords an unceasing excitement to emulation, without contention or ill-will.

ALL TOGETHER AGAIN.

G. F. Root.

Moderato.

CHORUS. *First time, Solo, second time, Chorus.*



THE CHRISTMAS TITHING.

BY AUGUSTA JOYCE CROCHERON.

'Twas near the happy Christmas time,
And all the country roads,
Were strung along with teams that drew
Full, high and plenteous loads;
The "Mormon" farmers bringing in
Their tithing for the year;
O, 'twas a sight to cheer the eyes,
A pleasant sound to hear.

With willing hands they brought to Him
The tenth of what was given,
And knew His blessing would again
Unloose the stores of heaven.
The sacks of wheat and flour by which
The "temple hands" were fed,
The sweet dried fruits and honey comb
And apples, gold and red,
The barrels filled with syrups pure,
Butter and creamy cheese,
Fluttering poultry—what poor men
Were ever served like these?

Yet not alone for "temple hands,"
These tithings all were brought,
In ev'ry Ward (ignoring creeds)
The poor and sad are sought,
Their names are learned and ev'ry one
On Bishop's list enrolled,
For each are gen'rous baskets filled
And, measured wood and coal;
And busy men step in and out,
As the tithing wagons go
Out through the gate to every Ward
Their portion to bestow.

O, once I went to many homes,
And happy scenes were they,
There busy worked the wives to get
All done for Christmas day;
For romping boys, were newly made
Full suits of Provo goods,
For little girls, light wollen plaids,
And pretty home-made hoods.

I saw the laborer's sickly child
With dainty food was fed,
As fresh and pure as e'er before
The epicure was spread.
No happier driver takes a load,
Wher'er the things may go,
Than he who carries to the poor
On Christmas eve—through snow.
For well he knows, how eyes that closed
Expecting naught, shall wake,
And find a joyous Christmas gift,
And bless him for its sake.

The many blessings tithing brings,
Not you or I can count,
The little tenth from each one swells
To rich and large amount.
O, blessings on the heart that gives
The duty that it owes,
And praise His love who made the law,
That like a river flows.
Through all our mountains and our vales,
Relieving first, the poor,
And writes the giver's name in lines
Forever shall endure.

HIDDEN RIVERS.

BY J. LEON FRANK.

For a man of his age the major dances very well.
The lumber raft struck us amidship; one log dented the boiler.
Should we go, see that we be received in a becoming manner.
You provoke my mirth with your strange anties.
For such a feast, 'twas but a meagre ending.
He might be arrested on suspicion.

In each of the above paragraphs will be found the letters, in their proper order, which spell the name of a river in Utah. To point out these letters will require some little study on the part of our readers.

The answer to the Charade published in No. 22 is Brigham City. We have received correct solutions from Josephine Workman, Egin, Idaho; Charlotte S. Pead, Garden City; Jaren Tolman, East Bountiful; Chas. Jarvis, Woodruff, Arizona; C. L. Berry, Brigham A. Seare, Salt Lake City.

The answer to the Square Puzzle is as follows:

S N O W
N E R O
O R L E
W O E S

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